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Title: Krythan's Story- Part One

Author: Krythan  
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A few days ago I was  
looking back on some  
old memories. These  
memories are fond to  
me, so I decided to put  
them onto paper. What  
I will write is an  
account of the early  
events that led me to  
where I am now.  
--Krythan

I was born to a middle  
class family who  
lived in the forests of  
Yew. I was the only  
child, but that didn't  
mean I got everything I  
wanted. I had to learn  
a trade to help get  
myself off into the  
world when I turned  
16. Narurally I chose  
the trade of my  
father-- a  
lumberjack. So, at age  
16 I began to make my  
living chopping wood  
and carving them into  
bows to sell at the local  
bower shops. My  
uncle, who was an  
expert swordsman,  
trained me in the arts  
of sword wielding  
just in case I  
encountered some  
danger at a tavern or  
someplace. He gave me  
a gold necklace  
encrusted with citrine  
gems and a single  
black pearl strung on  
it that his  
grandfather, ( my  
great grandfather)  
had obtained while  
exploring the seas,

telling me to always  
keep it around my  
neck and I would be  
protected. Well, one  
normal day I was out  
chopping trees and  
carving bows as  
usual when I  
wandered out farther  
into the forest than I  
had ever been. I had no  
idea that I was lost  
until it began to get  
dark and I started to  
head home. I had my  
compass with me, so I  
wasn't really worried  
until I heard the  
battle cry of an ettin  
nearby. I saw it  
fast approaching  
through the brush and  
yelled for the guards  
to help, but I was no  
where near town. I  
knew I would have to  
stand and fight. I had  
taken my sword to the  
shop earlier that day  
for repairs, so I drew  
the only weapon I  
had---my worn out  
double axe. I jumped  
into the battle stance  
that my uncle had  
taught me and  
prepared to face the  
humanoid beast .

As it approached, I  
drew back the axe to  
swing, but the next  
thing I knew I was  
flying through the  
air....I hit hard  
against a tree, and my  
axe was in peices on  
the ground next to me.

The ettin screamed  
again to and charged to  
finish me off. I  
frantically searched  
for something to  
throw, but there was  
nothing around. I  
remember noticing  
that the tree I had  
landed against was  
blackened, and now

that I look back upon it,  
it seems to me that it  
had been lightning  
struck. At the base of  
the charred tree was a  
yellowish, strong  
smelling sandy  
substance. I had no  
idea what it was, but I  
scooped up a handful  
to throw into the  
ettin's eyes, hoping to  
stun it long enough to  
make a get-away.  
I reared my arm back  
to throw the ashy  
substance, but it was  
too late...the ettin was  
looming over me,  
preparing to finish me  
off with its stone  
hammer. Acting on  
instinct, I shielded  
myself with my arms  
to protect myself. I  
saw the ettin swing  
his club and closed my  
eyes to prepare for  
the incoming blow.  
Then suddenly, the  
pearl on my necklace  
grew warm, and I  
opened my eyes to see  
it glowing with a  
brilliant purple light!  
My hand in which  
the ashy substance  
was being held began  
to burn, and without  
warning a ball of fire  
shot from my  
fingertips! It hit the  
ettin in the temple,  
killing it instantly. I  
had used magic! But I  
didn't know any  
magic....I had only  
seen mages use it...I  
had no idea how i did  
it. I noticed that the  
yellow sand had  
vanished from my  
hand, but my pearl  
was still there,  
although it wasn't  
glowing anymore. Still  
shaken, I cleared my  
head and began to

think of a what I  
should do. I rummaged  
around for my  
compass, but it had  
been crushed when  
the ettin knocked me  
against the tree. I stood  
up and looked around,  
trying to find some  
marking that could  
point me in the right  
direction.

That's when I noticed  
a glimmering blue  
light in the distance....

\* Continued in next  
Book\*